

## PRISON REFORM.

The Absurdity of Criminal Physical Characteristics and Marks.

## THE FADS OF CRIMINOLOGISTS

How Society Manufactures the Criminal and then Repudiates its Work—Quotation from "Lord" Howard and the Case of a Child Murderess as Illustrations or Phases in Criminal Manufacture and Identification.

## Seventh Paper.

(The writer of the following was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary for fighting a street duel in which the defender of his family was killed. Pardoned after eight years imprisonment, he has since written columns of the globe to tell "a plain, unvarnished tale" of life in a modern penitentiary.—Editor.)

What are the proper environments which should surround the prisoner? And in what manner shall the State exact of him penance while in custody, with a view to his reformation and restoration to society? The State owes the prisoner health, habitation, sufficient food, suitable clothing and medical attendance. These comprise but the physical obligations. There are moral ones as obligatory and of superlative importance, both to the prisoner and society, whose interests the State, in this sense, serves. Idleness, the fruitfulness by practice and precept, in the chapel, at the guard stand, in the school-room, and in the administration offices, should never be neglected, and the prisoner should be made to feel that the servants of the State, from the chaplain to the warden, and from the schoolmaster to the guard, are morally worthy of their trusts. He should also be impressed with the fact that the State, in punishing him, exercises charity, and is not exacting vengeance. That the preservation of society, and obedience to law, are paramount necessities of civilization. That God, nature and civilized governments, alike, exact penalties for violations of both the moral and the physical laws, and that legal penance is not the satisfaction for crime so much as it is an effort on the part of the State to reclaim the fallen citizen and restore him to society. The State's duty to the prisoner demands custodial clean in thought and clean in act; and the State, in its collective capacity, claiming the right to preserve itself from the assaults of the criminal, is bound, by its assumptions of sinless legality, to safe-guard the prisoner's corporal and spiritual welfare. It has neither the moral nor the legal right, in its own defense, to brutalize the moral nature nor to impair the physical manhood of the prisoner. On the contrary, it is obligatory, on the part of the State, to develop and to properly direct the moral faculties of the prisoner that he may the better realize the enormity of his offending not alone against the State, but against himself and his God. And it is, in the matter of the State's duty to the prisoner, to the part of the State, to qualify the prisoner, by judicious discipline and useful industry, to earn an honest living on his final discharge from prison.

The State, failing in any of these essential duties, is different to its own interests and to the interests of the prisoner. It is morally culpable in restoring to freedom a malefactor whom it has failed to qualify morally and mentally for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. If we have habitual criminals and prisoners repeatedly sent to confinement, we must place a large share of the responsibility on the State, when it fails in the moral requirements and duties of a Christian government.

The Church and prison aid societies owe it to themselves, their country and to God the Christian, by directing the attention of the public and the press, and of importuning the State, through the law-making power, to such reforms in prison, reformatory and correctional institution management and conduct as will assure to the prisoner the full execution of the State's moral duty and legal obligations, to the end that the fallen may be reclaimed and humanity triumph in the regeneration of the erring and in the Christian betterment and preservation of society itself.

The industry required should not be for the benefit of men whose sins are probably as scarlet compared to the prisoner they sweat, and, on the other hand, it should not be of a punitive character. The food should be all that the State pays for and not the residue left after the contractors and stewards "divvy up." A prison board, of men of unimpeachable integrity, should have supervision in this as in the other details forming the whole life within the walls of the prison, and young, healthy men should not be immured behind these walls until, through the violations of the natural law, they become fearful in thought and indescribable in act. There is a remedy which is not yet incorporated in our modern humane system for this and kindred evils.

The most absurd feature of criminal treatment and reform comes from the expert scientist and criminologist, or who pretends, like Lombroso, the Italian idiot, to trace criminal tendencies and characteristics through the ancestors of the convict back through several generations. According to this widely quoted mountebank, Chief Justice Taney ought to have been a criminal instead of the most distinguished jurist who ever graced the supreme bench of the Republic. Chief Justice Taney's father was a murderer. He killed a guest at his breakfast table, and was a fugitive from justice until his death. But the most exasperating criminal scientists are the owlish individuals who are able to tell a man when they see one—in stripes! These duffers read the outward physical marks and signs of the criminal's person and know to a certainty that the unfortunate wretch couldn't help being a criminal because his brow betrays, his nose turns up or his ears stand out. The current issue of the Ohio Penitentiary News, edited by William, Lord Howard, the English swindler, thus sarcastically hits off this latter class of criminologists: "A correspondent writes: 'I have read your two brief articles on criminology with the deepest interest. Your description of the way in which degenerate criminals eat and sleep should be read by every criminologist and penologist and biologist and phrenologist and histologist and sociologist and

ethnologist and theorist in the land. But there is a question I would like to have answered, viz: When the degenerate becomes regenerate, what about his criminal propensities, and what becomes of his abnormal feet and ears and other physical irregularities?"

This is an easy one. As soon as the degenerate criminal becomes regenerate his big ears gradually shrink in size and become symmetrical, the result being a beautiful shell-like ear—not an oyster shell. His nose straightens out and becomes Grecian, his enormous mouth contracts to a Cupid's bow, his beetle brows lose their overhanging cliffs and become arched to suit a geometrical taste, his big feet are reduced from elephants to sevens, his long ape-like arms no longer reach to his knees, the hair grows again on his bald head, his degenerate teeth, that made his mouth like an open sepulchre, become white, hard and regular, his glassy stare is replaced by a look of intelligence, his stoop by an erect carriage and in all respects he develops into just as beautiful a man physically as those who have dissected and analyzed and criticised him always are.

In form like an Athenian statue, in mind equal to the sublimest politician, in morals not inferior to Carrie Nation, he is a living monument of the moral human critter, and his evolution is an example of encouragement to all of us poor, lank, lopsided, splay-footed, knock-kneed, cross-eyed, bald-headed, spindle-shanked old degenerates, showing us what we can be if we will be.

We reproduce the above as much to illustrate Lord Howard's inimitable style of humorous sarcasm as to lift out of the class of criminologists referred to. If these expert criminologists would expend a little of their talents as a medium of their means in helping to prevent, in a practical way, the manufacture instead of the identification or reformation of criminals, society would be more benefited and humanity would score a signal triumph. The following case of "criminal" is submitted illustrative of our text:

## (Foreign Paper.)

"An instance of social misery, as cruel as any student of sociology can remember, occurred in Brunner, Austria. A mother killed her own child, because she did not have the heart to see it starve in her arms. She had not been able to procure food for it for several days. An unhappy woman of the people she was, and she had suffered terribly. A few days ago she was arrested. She did not attempt to deny her deed, but followed the policeman to the court house as quietly and unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. There, in a calm and composed manner, she related her sad life's story.

"Franciska Kwasny is the name of the unfortunate woman. She is thirty years of age, and was married in Goding. Her husband was a day laborer. In her pregnancy, as she could not work as hard and as steadily as she used, he ill-treated her in the most brutal way, and when finally she could not work at all, he left her. With no home, no means of support, no one to rely upon, she was left to fight her way out of her difficulties alone. She obtained admission into the Brunner State Confinement Institute, where on the 7th of February she gave birth to a girl. On the 19th of February she left the institute with her young child—but where to go? No spot on the wide earth to which she had a right to go, and no way of gaining a living was hers. So she went to the street.

The child in her arms, wrapped in but one single rag, whimpered from cold and hunger. Planless and aimless, she wandered the streets of the city, until just at nightfall she found herself near Kensington. The whole day through neither mother or child had tasted food. A storm began to rage furiously, her limbs were growing stiff from cold and weariness. She pressed her child closer to her breast, as though in that way she might better protect herself and it; finally she went under a bridge that led to Rothern Muehle in Kensington, and there she spent the night.

"The next day she took up the aimless wandering again, and at night she again found shelter under the bridge. And so it went, day after day, and then, in despair, she stretched out her hands and begged for a few pennies; but no one paid any attention to her, and finally, when some one did fling her a few pennies, they were not sufficient to procure food for herself and her child. She was driven to her last resource, and she went to the mill for her babe; for to her grief, she could not furnish it its natural nutriment. She could not attend to her child in any way for fear of exposing it to the freezing winter air. But in the terrible cold condition they lived through four terrible days.

"The woman became a prey to utter despair; she was scarcely conscious in her keen suffering. A dreadful thought had been creeping into her bewildered mind for several hours, and despair prevailed. She saw the child in her arms benumbed and almost dead. In her frenzy over its suffering, she suddenly dashed the child's head against the brick wall of the bridge. It was dead in an instant.

"She buried the little body in the snow, and without it she staggered on alone. The next day, the little corpse was found by a day laborer. It was talked about at the police station, and one officer remembered having seen, about three days before, a woman with a red shawl on her head, carrying a child in her arms. Two days later he saw the woman without the child, and had told his comrades about it. The next evening a policeman met a woman with a red shawl over her head, and he arrested her. He had the right woman. He looked at her and said that as long as there was a God and an American country I would be taken care of. And he shook hands with me again. This old trinity here looks just as he looked then.

"I was right in the fighting. I just couldn't stay out of it. Once General Fitz John Porter had me taken to the rear. I was right up with the ammunition wagon. I couldn't stay back. When you are in a fight, you don't know you are fighting. You lose sense of that. You see terrible things, and you don't know what they are. It's just as though your sense of feeling had suddenly gone dead. Around you the guns roar, and you see men fall, their heads off, a limb gone or shattered to pieces by a shell. You wade in blood, and you don't feel it. After the first rush of it is over you lose sight of everything almost.

"Many of the New York soldiers I helped in the war. There were the Sixty-ninth, the Irish boys, and Corcoran's brigade. They passed us at Harrison's Landing. I made one for some of the wounded of the Sixty-ninth. And I buried some of the Twenty-first New York boys at Piedmont.

"Once when I came home on a furlough I took back with me to Martinsburg, Va., 21 recruits for our regiment. I had enlisted stripes on my

## MOTHER FERGUSON.

An Historical Character of our Civil War.

## LINCOLN'S FAMOUS DECLARATION

An Illustration of the Ingratitude of Republics Where the Citizen is a Poor Old Woman Without a Pull—A Pathetic Story Graphically Told by an Able New York Newspaper Man. Mother Stewart at reunions and encampments

"While there is a God and an American country you shall never starve,"—President Lincoln to Mother Ferguson. She nursed a thousand soldiers during the Civil War. She was in 145 battles. Great generals did her honor. They called her "mother of Lincoln's cavalry." Now, broken, helpless with age, Mother Ferguson is living alone in a shabby attic, destitute and penniless at 80, dependent on the charity of a few old friends, all poor themselves. Through a blur of tears she sat the other night fumbling a ticket to the annual G. A. R. excursion when a reporter found her.

"I've never missed one yet," she said, missing this. "I won't miss it. I'll go if I have to go barefoot."

She was alone for her Catholic prayer book. She lives on the top floor of the frame house at 315 Sixteenth street, Brooklyn. Pinned on the faded mantle which she wore was an old tin-type of Lincoln and about it an ancient miniature flag since Lincoln was assassinated," she said. "That pin is a veteran's pin. You see, I'm a vet."

The old woman smiled wanly. Her hair is white and her face lined with wrinkles. She is bent with years. Her face is one of mingled gentleness and sternness. The old woman's eyes, which she shows great strength. The chin is firm and full of determination, and the eye, although now dim with years, flamed with a wondrous fire when she talked of her battle. Mother Ferguson is not unlike Clara Barton in appearance.

"Oh, I was a great old woman until these last three years," she sadly said. "They all knew me, the generals as well as the boys, and they tipped their hats to me as fine as you ever saw. But now I can't get around any more. My son is ill somewhere, and my daughter is out in California. So I have to look after myself."

"I can't miss the vet's excursion—I won't. But look at those shoes. They are pretty bad, aren't they? And the old woman smiled bitterly again. "I'm glad to get over here in Brooklyn. I don't know where I am, and I can't get around to see them else I know it would be all right. All I have to look forward to is meeting the soldiers."

Mother Ferguson is deaf and coughs constantly. She told her story with many breaks to the reporter. She wore an old gown open at the throat and sat in a chair which G. A. R. women months ago had made easy with pillows.

"I was in the war from first to last," she said. "I was at Bull Run, and I was at Appomattox. I don't know how old I am. I guess it's 75 or 80. My husband—he's dead these 35 years or so. I joined the First New York cavalry. I remember the first day like yesterday. They were recruited up at 765 Broadway, and it was the very first cavalry company they organized for the Union side. President Lincoln christened it himself, and after that they always called it Lincoln's cavalry."

"We went first to Washington. Oh, those were times! The streets were alive those days. The very air was thrilling with fight. I slept in the house where Colonel Elmer Ellsworth was killed. He was staying. He was killed a few days later. I had gone along with the cavalry as a nurse. I wouldn't say behind, though my husband begged me hard enough. I knew the poor fellows would need somebody to nurse them before the war was over, and I was strong then."

"Ah, sir, few eyes have seen what these have. I was with McClellan and Kearny and Franklin and Sheridan and Hunter and Porter and the rest of them. I was at Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Piedmont and in the seven days' fighting at Gettysburg."

"Gettysburg! Oh, never was there such fighting as there! I have seen much, but nothing like Gettysburg." The old woman's eyes were shining as she talked of the battle. "And I was with Sheridan in his raids up the valley—yes, with Sheridan twice over. Phil! There was the boy!"

"It was at Harrison's Landing I first saw Lincoln. We had been licked, oh, badly. I had come down there to find out how many of us hadn't been killed. They were all there—the big generals and Lincoln—and they introduced me to him and told him what I had been doing. They said I'd been with the cavalry right through, and that I had nursed the wounded and cared for them. 'She's the mother of the cavalry,' they told him. And I was so proud as he stood there looking at me kindly."

"It's just like he was standing here before me now—so tall, with sunken cheeks and such wonderful eyes, set deep in his head. 'And how do you like soldiering?' he asked me. 'I would not be satisfied to be anywhere else,' I told him. 'But it's dreadful! The slaughter!' He looked at me and said that as long as there was a God and an American country I would be taken care of. And he shook hands with me again. This old trinity here looks just as he looked then."

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"Once when I came home on a furlough I took back with me to Martinsburg, Va., 21 recruits for our regiment. I had enlisted stripes on my

arm then, and they came along willingly and politely enough, those recruits. I was always sorry for the young recruits and helped them, for I felt like a veteran after awhile.

"Some raw young fellows of the Twenty-first got into trouble and were tied up with their arms above their heads. The poor fellows, I know, were fresh and I pitied them. I took a big carving knife and set them free. The officers raised a big row and all the cavalry gathered about me ready for a fight if they insisted on doing anything about it."

"Ah, that was a real war. I'm proud of what I did, and there's nothing I love better than the old soldiers. I wept the other day when I read that General Fitz John Porter was dead. He was a great man, for all they used to say of him. I wanted to get over to Jersey to his funeral, but I could not do so. I am too old and too rheumatic to get about much now."

"Yes, it's lonely here now and I have a hard time getting on. I can't say that my own living for 15 years, but these last four years my health has seemed to fail and I am not the same. But I'll get along somehow. Mr. Bourke Cochran tried to get me a pension, but it didn't go through. The ladies of the G. A. R. came around to see me before I moved here and were very kind."

Mother Ferguson smiled bravely. In spite of her age, her ills and her poverty she still determined to go on the annual G. A. R. excursion.

"I want to see the boys once more," she said. "It may be the last time. I'm very old."

## TRAMPS WITH BANK ACCOUNTS

Queer Way of Finding Out Persons in Need.

In Persia there are many legends of a certain ruler who used to wander about the city at night dressed as a beggar to find out the real conditions under which people lived. At the present day many wealthy philanthropists adopt the same method. They disguise themselves in ragged clothes and look for deserving cases in all the worst slums of our great cities, says an exchange.

A wealthy Manchester (Eng.) man who has made over \$2,000,000 in the cotton trade, has given away \$500,000 in the last twenty years, though his name has never appeared in any subscription list. Every few months he disappears from home, dressed in ragged clothes, so that he may be taken for some broken-down tramp, and in this disguise he visits the poorer parts of the city. When he finds a really deserving case, he sends a messenger with food or money, but he never allows his name to be disclosed. Another wealthy man, who adopted the same tactics in London has spent over \$200,000 in the last few years in relieving real cases of distress. He dresses in the rough clothes of a Thames hargee, and in that disguise he visits every part of the city. Once he fell in with a gang of men who wanted him to join them in a little scheme for robbing a riverside warehouse, which they assured him would yield a profit of "50 quid a man." Another time he was arrested as a suspicious character and had to explain matters to a magistrate.

Miss Francis' Massage Parlors. The SUNDAY GLOBE: While you are "roasting" the women both in and out of the Departments, why don't you turn your attention to some of the married men who are resigned positions in the Departments to live with women for support.

If you will investigate the above report we think you will find one living on a woman's shame, having deserted a wife and child to live a life of ease. His wife has requested her to discard him, but she refuses, and says he will get a divorce and marry her. He has lived there for about two years. Let the good work you have commenced go on till the end of time, but divide your efforts equally between the sexes, and don't give it all to the unfortunate women, who have so many men that deserve all you can give them (and more).

FRIEND OF HIS WIFE. English Ideas of Lynching.

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned on the subject of lynchings in the United States. It was the general opinion that a rope was the chief end of man in America. Finally the hostess turned to an American, and asked him no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck and, at the bidding of the injured lady, swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess, with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," said the American apologetically. "But at that time I was downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blancmange."

KIND-HEARTEDNESS. The gingham shirted boy had made a break to pass the ticket seller at the circus entrance, but that gentleman had caught him and rudely thrust him back.

"Poor little devil!" said a seedy looking man in the crowd. "If I had the money, I'd buy him a ticket myself."

The crowd looked sympathetic, but said nothing, while the boy sobbed as if his heart would dissolve. "I've only got a nickel, little fellow," went on the seedy looking one, "and that won't do you any good. Say," he continued, turning suddenly to the crowd, "let's do one good act in our lives. Let's buy him a ticket."

It looked for a minute as if a collection was to be started, but a benevolent looking old gentleman nipped it in the bud by slipping a half dollar into the hand of the boy, who promptly disappeared into the tent.

"Thank you a thousand times for that kind act, sir," said the seedy looking man.

"You seem to take quite an interest in the little fellow," remarked the benevolent one.

"Well, I should think I ought to," answered the seedy looking man proudly. "That's the only son I got!"

## THE NEWS DEALERS

List of News Stands Where Patrons Can Purchase The Sunday Globe.

A. K. Smith, 503 11th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.  
D. H. Evans, 1740 14th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.  
Mrs. H. S. Godshalk, 1009 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, tobacco, news stand.  
C. J. Gibbert, 1719 Penna. ave. n. w., news stand, cigars, tobacco.  
Howard House News Stand, Penna. ave. n. w.

O'Donnell, drugs and news stand, 300 Pa. ave. SE.  
E. W. Lazarus, newsdealer, Del. ave. and C. St. NE.  
J. W. Swan, news stand and bootblack parlor, 7th and Fla. ave. NW.

J. H. Casler & Bro., 321 Indiana ave. n. w., cigar and news dealer.  
Hoover's News Stand, 700 9th street n. w., T. B. Crow, manager.  
Joe Wood, 820 9th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.

Fred A. Semitt, 1722 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, news stand.  
E. J. Erwin, 2306 14th street n. w., news dealer.  
E. R. Morcoe, 421 12th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, newspapers, stationery.

T. Frank Kevill, 905 F street n. w., cigars, newspapers, magazines.  
J. H. Whitehead, 305 7th street n. w., cigars, newspapers, periodicals.  
Edw. Bartholme, 2014 7th street n. w., news stand, stationery, periodicals.

R. Wallace, 930 9th street n. w., newspapers, magazines.  
H. C. Dahler, 235 N. J. ave. n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.  
J. J. Fuller, 60 H street n. w., cigars, news dealer.

J. D. Hauptman, 1904 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, news dealer.  
L. Holst, 1910 Penna. n. w., cigars, news dealer.  
W. Bootman, 300 7th street s. w., cigars, news dealer.

J. M. Fox, 311 6th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.  
F. C. Jackson, 6004 7th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.  
Geo. W. Taylor, 625 7th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.

McGregor & Ashley, Jr., 52 H street n. w., cigars, news dealer.  
E. E. Fisher, 1703 Penna. ave. n. w., newspapers, periodicals, magazines.  
Ebbitt House News Stand, 14th and F streets n. w.

W. G. Ellis, cigars and tobacco, news stand, etc., cor. 13th and C sts., s. w.  
Becker & Orndoff, Willard Hotel News Stand.  
S. G. McMichael, 810 14th street n. w., cigar and news dealer.

Adams News Depot, 9th & G street n. w., Ham Adams, Proprietor.  
Wilson Bros., 517 10th street n. w., cigar and news dealer.  
H. C. Knobe, 1212 F street n. w., hole in the wall news stand.

E. J. Belcher, 924 12th street n. w., cigar and news dealer.  
W. B. Dotson, 802 12th street n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.  
Mrs. L. Smith, 1213 N. Y. ave. n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.

G. G. Fancher, 606 5th street n. w., cigar and news dealer.  
Walker & Kerney, 509 F street n. w., cigar and news dealer.  
J. Linder, 631 G street n. w., cigar and news dealer.

Morris Castle, 1122 7th street n. w., cigar and news dealer.  
Louis Abizaid, 501 D street n. w., cigar and news dealer.  
J. W. Reed & Son, 400 9th street n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.

American House News Stand.  
Metropolitan Hotel News Stand.  
Wm. H. Livermore, 101 H street n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.

J. W. Elms, 236-S H street n. w., cigars, confectionary and news dealer.  
Belvedere Hotel News Stand.  
National Hotel News Stand.

St. James Hotel News Stand.  
Pension Office, cigar and news stand, 445 G street n. w., Julius Backenheimer, Manager.  
J. O. Weissner, 919 H street n. e., bolts, periodicals and newspapers.

W. A. McCarty, 719 H street n. e., cigars and news dealer.  
Owen Bros., 5th & E streets n. e., groceries and news stand.  
A. R. Brown, Mass. ave. & 7th st. n. e., cigars, groceries and news stand.

Wm. A. Sharswood, 601 Mass. ave. n. e., cigar and news dealer.  
Walter Kines, Mass. ave. & 4th street n. e., cigar and news dealer.  
C. Abner, 413 E. Capital street n. e., East Washington News Depot.

Grace Bros., 512 H street n. e., cigar and news dealer.  
F. C. Stearns, 1112 H street n. e., tobacco and news dealer.  
W. E. Smith, 1011 H street n. e., The Owl News Depot.

George W. Schondelmeier, 408 8th street s. e., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.  
W. E. Wilkens, 645 H street n. e., cigar, pool and news room.  
J. B. Ballinger, 5th & C streets n. e., feed store and news dealer.

L. F. Litz, 1405 H street n. e., new depot.  
A. Murphy, 49 H st. n. e., news depot.  
W. J. Kelly, 735 N. Capital st. n. e., news dealer and pool room.

W. H. Goodrich, 601 10th street n. e., groceries, periodicals and newspapers.  
J. E. Lipder, 406 8th street s. e., newspapers and periodicals.  
W. H. Bell, 625 Penna. ave. s. e., cigars, notions and news dealer.

W. G. Vince, 641 B street s. e., cigar and news dealer.  
J. A. Hunt, 825 Penna. ave. s. e., cigars, notions and news dealer.  
D. M. Trembull, 307 Penna. ave. s. e., cigar and news dealer.

W. O. Hammett, 153 Penna. ave. s. e., cigar and news dealer.  
Balden Bros., 709 8th street s. e., cigars, pool room and news stand.  
R. E. Miller, 527 8th street s. e., cigar and news dealer.

Mrs. Patchell, 1208 4th street s. w., cigars, notions and news dealer.  
J. Abbott, 322 4th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.  
Ed Brinkman, Penna. ave. and 4th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

B. J. Burt, 318 7th street s. w., cigars, news dealer and news stand.  
J. L. Stewart, 445 7th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.  
J. Petigant, 609 7th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

W. A. Smith, 704 17th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.  
W. B. Holtzclaw, 1705 Penna. ave. n. w., magazines, newspapers.  
Quigley Pharmacy, 21st and G streets n. w.

Fagan Brothers, 2132 Penna. ave. n. w., Lindsey, 2153 Penna. ave. n. w., periodicals, newspapers.  
R. B. Hodges, 1912 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, periodicals, newspapers.  
James P. Hoyle, 620 F street n. w., cigars, newsdealer.

H. C. Jones, 815 East Capital street, cigars, news stand.  
The Hay Drug Store, 9th and E streets s. e.

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